

ELLEN WEHLE

RAIN

Sang her song
Of iron hooves
And rooftops.

Blotted margins
On the monk's
Illuminated garden,

Gold-leaf trumpet
Vines and serifs.
Blacked the bricks.

Crowned herself
Queen, pane by
Pane swept her

Army across attic
Gables and alleys,
Metropolis of night-

Leaves groaning:
Oceans tipped from
Her silver pail.

★

Whatever pillared
Empires we lay
Dreaming, rain

Beat down and
Raised up from
Stone dust again.

BUILDING THE CATHEDRALS

If a ladder takes
A man's life in

That a tumble
Back to earth

Cracks open his
Head, by Saxon

Law the culprit
Must burn, its

Life recompense.

★

Blue silk star-hung.
When I promise

You the heavens
Close at hand,

Ascend me, love,
With great care.

Grain-deep, my
Oldest fear: I

Grace the pyre.